Pieces for your Games

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8689201.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Angst, Sexual Tension, Murder Husbands, First time writing, Please Don't Hate Me, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Why are they both so difficult?, murder is not romantic, Or Is It?, Manipulative Hannibal, cannibal feelings
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-11-29 Completed: 2017-06-26 Words: 955 Chapters: 3/3

Pieces for your Games

by Mr_Fizzles

Summary

Hannibal likes to wind people up to see what they'll do, But he isn't the only player on the board.

Notes

From Will's POV

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

We sat around the table almost awkwardly, although none of us were going to point that out. Despite that I didn't feel uncomfortable in the least. Doctor Lecter was not a threat to me. Not anymore. After what happened to Beverly nothing much scared me. My fear was replaced by a cold hard clarity, a certainty that Hannibal and I would stand with bars between us again, but this time he would be the one trapped within them.

Hannibal smirked as his eyes passed over me, almost as though he knew what I was thinking and applauded it. He and Jack were still conversing politely, glancing over occasionally to see if I was interested in joining in.

I wonder sometimes if Jack knew what kind of monsters he was dining with. If he knew what his dinner mates were capable of. He knew what I was capable of certainly, we all knew that now.

The food dwindled and their conversation slowly petered out. They looked at me expectantly but I was studiously avoiding their pointed glances. Eventually Jack stood and announced that he had to get home. Something about wanting to get some sleep before some whack-job ruined it. He turned to me and asked if I was leaving as well.

"Actually." Hannibal interjected, "I was wondering if Will and I could talk for a bit." He turned towards me with the concerned psychiatrist expression on plain display.

"Of course," He picked up his coat "See you later Will." I nodded and he smiled. Hannibal escorted him to the door and then turned to face me. With a smile he seemed to reserve for therapy sessions and crime scenes he directed me to his sitting room. We sat in comfortable chairs facing each other and Hannibal seemed like he was gaugeing my expression before he spoke.

"Well then," He said slowly, savouring each word, "Where do we begin?"

Chapter 2

"I don't quite know what you mean." I said delicately, raising my eyebrows just a fraction.

"We need to talk Will, much has happened between us and it might be beneficial to discuss it" His expression was the very picture of remorseful concern. I wondered, not for the first time, how he managed to do that. The man was a cold blooded killer, and how he could maintain the façade of humanity was beyond me.

"Why now? We do have regular sessions for a reason." I kept my voice level and feigned nonchalance.

"Of course, but the formality of such sessions sometimes makes it difficult to share what is on our minds." He cocked his head to the left, bird-like, as he regarded me intensely.

"What is on your mind Doctor Lecter?" He smiled slightly. My attempting to turn the conversation back on him was something we were both accustomed to, familiar territory.

"I am worried about you." He stated simply. "You have been very... distant lately." He regarded me intently, his brow slightly furrowed.

"You're worried." I felt a bitter smile creeping across my face. "Since when do you..." I shook my head, the levels of hipocrasy this man could display was stunning.

"I am concerned about your well-being yes, is that so wrong?" He seemed genuinely upset by my disbelief.

"It is when you consider the fact that my current state is almost completely because of your actions. We are both very aware of that fact, so dropping the pretense would be appreciated doctor."

Chapter 3

"Well." Hannibal's face had slipped into a carefully blank mask. "If you are so certain that you understand past the 'pretense' then tell me Will, what do you see?"

He was watching me closely, with no hint of his previous amusement. My mouth went dry and I took a second to curse that he still had this effect on me.

"I see someone who gets what he wants, someone who is willing to lie and kill and manipulate if that's what it takes. As long as you have your prize in the end you don't care what it took to get you there." I tried to keep my voice steady but I could feel it shaking. At this point the tension in the room was a a breaking point, Hannibal was gazing seemingly mesmerized at my face. Finally he spoke.

"Say you are right about me." He cocked his head slightly to the side, his eyes still oddly guarded. "What then, would you imagine, is my prize?" He was terrifyingly still now, like a jaguar poised to spring. His anticipation of my answer was palatable.

"I don't know." I could hardly speak through the blockage that seemed to have formed in my throat and my voice sounded painfully hoarse in my own ears. Hannibal had relaxed back into his seat and I thought I could see a flicker of something, (anger? disappointment?) flash across his face before he sealed it away again. He broke through my train of thought with an almost awkward throat clearing cough.

"Well it seems as though time has made fools of us again Will." He gestured airily towards the clock on the mantle. I was startled to see that is was hours later than I had thought, it was nearly tomorrow. Hannibal stood up and started walking towards the entryway. "I can show you to the door. Do you think you can make it home safely?" He cast a glance at the snow accumulating on his doorstep and my car.

"I think I'll be alright." I spoke curtly, pulling on my coat. My mind was still puzzling out that split second of emotion that had cracked through the doctor's unfeeling mask. "Goodnight Doctor Lecter." I muttered as I stepped out into the frosty air.

"Goodnight Will."

End Notes

Thanks to my beta Spn_bae_girl. I've been sitting on this one for a while so let me know how you find it. Thanks for reading! (Discontinued)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!